

A LYRIC FOR MAY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ALL the earth will soon be bright
With a twinkling amber light —
Vagrant airs will gently stray
Down the shady wooded way,
When the brooklets will rejoice
In a limpid, lispng voice.

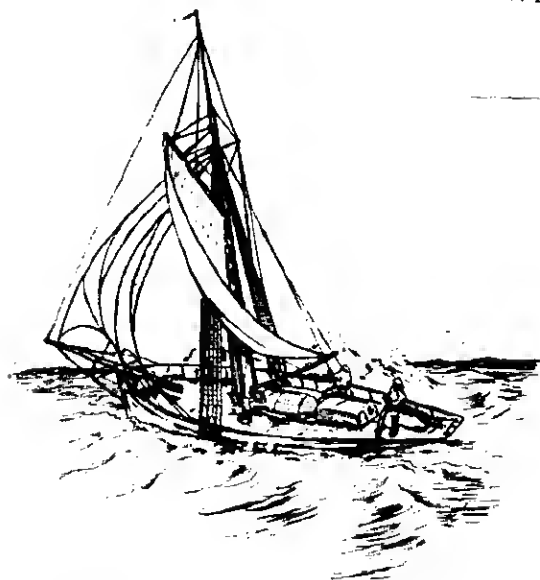
Then will come the gladsome hours
By an unseen spirit led,
And the field will flame with flowers
Beryl, lavender, and red.

Soon the cozy nest will sway
In the honeysuckle spray;
And the happy bird will sing
Through the garden on the wing;
And the tulips all unfold
Cups of purple, rose, and gold.

Then will wave the fragrant clover,
'Neath a peaceful, turquoise sky,
For the bee, the merry rover,
And the pretty butterfly.

Prithee, do not fancy now,
When no leaf is on the bough,
When the earth is white with snow,
That 't will always rave and blow.
Soon the birds will come and cheep
Winter, surly soul, to sleep.

And, by magic song o'ertaken,
In a pleasant dream he 'll stray
All the summer, but to waken
When the birds have flown away.



CHAPTER IV.

ON THE SEA-BEACH.

EXT day we all went to the beach
in a sail-boat. And Marjorie ran after
the waves and the waves ran after Marjorie.

MARJORIE AND HER PAPA.

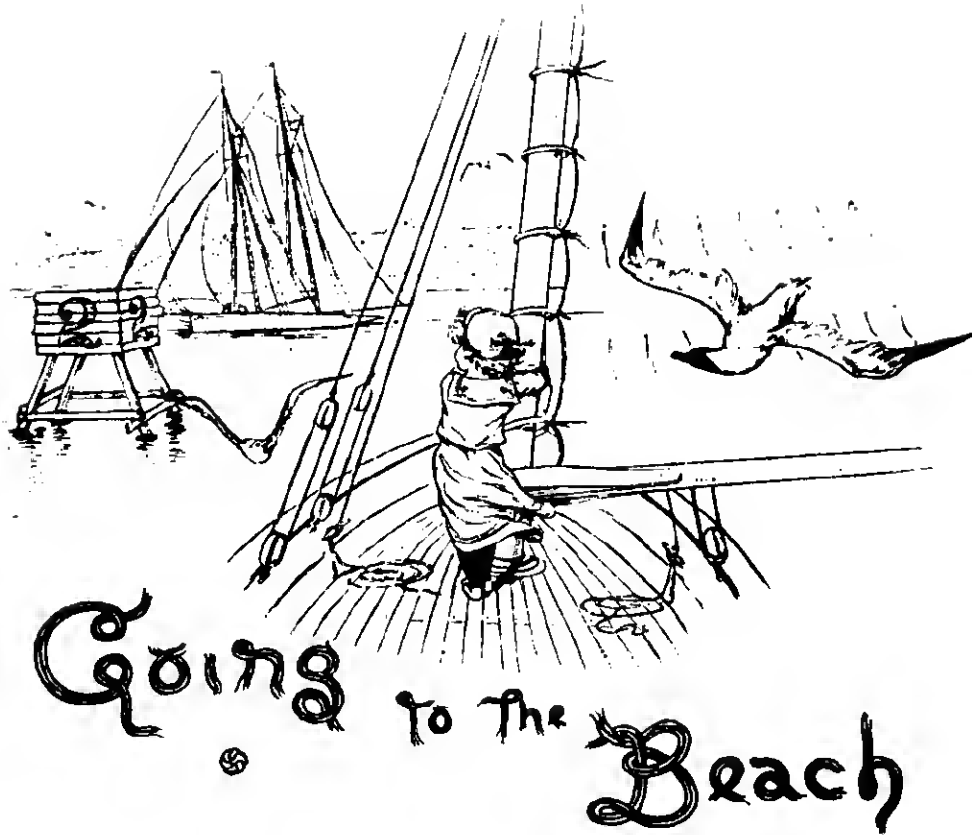
BY LIEUT. ROBERT H. FLETCHER.

Then at noon we sat down on the sand in the
shade of some rocks and ate our luncheon.

"We shall have to wait till the tide goes out
before we can gather any shells," I said.

"Why?" said Marjorie. "Does n't the tide
like you to have them?"

Frankie laughed at that, but Marjorie did not
see anything to laugh at. Then after a while
Frank and Marjorie went away by themselves
and gathered a great many lovely shells—three
handkerchiefs full. And when they came back
Frankie was laughing again because Marjorie
wished to know where the tide had gone.



Going to the Beach

"And could you tell her, Miss Frank?" I inquired.

"Well," said Frankie, "I know that the moon has something to do with the tide."

"Where does the tide go to, Jack?" said Marjorie.

"Why," said I, "it is this way:

WHERE does the tide go when it goes out?
The Man in the Moon knows pretty well.
In fact, he knows beyond a doubt —
But the Man in the Moon won't tell.

Now when it goes, on tiptoe we
Will search the sands for a lovely shell.
The Man in the Moon will see us, maybe —
But the Man in the Moon won't tell."



CHAPTER V.

MARJORIE'S STORY.

DON'T think you want to tell me a story, do you, Jack?" said Marjorie.

It was Marjorie's bedtime, and sometimes, as a great treat, I would tell her a story after her mamma had tucked her in her crib. So I said, "Yes," and told her a



little story. Then Marjorie said she would tell me a story.

"Now," she said, "you listen, and don't you go to sleep. Are you listening?"

"Yes," I said; "I am listening."

"Well-l-l," began Marjorie, "er, a, once upon a time there was a, there was a, a,—a little boy. And er, a,—a BEAR ate him up!"

"My!" I said. "How dreadful!"

"Yes," said Marjorie; "and, and then, he fell off a house and broke both his legs!"

"Dear me!" said I; "that was very shocking."

"Yes," said Marjorie; "and then he broke both his arms!"

"Oh!" said I. "What did they do with him?"

"Well," replied Marjorie, shaking her head, "I don't know what they did with him, but I guess they threw him away; 'cause he ain't any more use then, you know."

"No," I said; "I should think not. I don't think little boys are of much use, anyhow."

"Some boys are," said Marjorie.

"Well, maybe some are," I said. "Now I will tell you a story, and it is about a little boy that was not of any use at all. Only, they did not throw him away, they made a bird out of him. Then after that you must go to sleep, and to-morrow we will put both of our stories in the book, and draw pictures for them."

"Yes; but, Jack," said Marjorie, "I can't draw a picture of a bear. Don't you know, I tried the other day, and you said it looked like a turnip?"

"Did I?" I asked.

"Yes, you did," said Marjorie.

"Well," I said, "I will draw it for you."

"No," said Marjorie, "I will tell you what let's do. Let's put in the picture I drew of the torchlight procession. Won't that do?"



*After
is the picture of St. Nicholas.
This is a torch-light procession.
but is most pleasant to draw Marjorie's story,
because she does not know how to draw the
Bear, the Little Boy and the House.
Marjorie and Jack*

"Well," I replied, "I don't know that bears ever have torchlight processions, but I do not

think that matters. We can write to the editor of St. NICHOLAS and tell her all about it."

"Yes," said Marjorie. "You write and tell her that I don't know how to make a bear. And now tell me about the little boy."

"This is

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY WHO WAS TURNED INTO A BIRD.



NCE there was a little boy,
And, for no reason why,
From the day of his birth,
nothing else on earth
Did he do but whine and
cry.

He cried so very, very
much

That no one would go near him;
The people said, 'It beat the Dutch!
Why, the Man in the Moon could hear him!'

This boy's home was on the beach
Where the sea-gull's scream is heard,
And if there 's a bird knows how to screech,
The sea-gull is that bird.

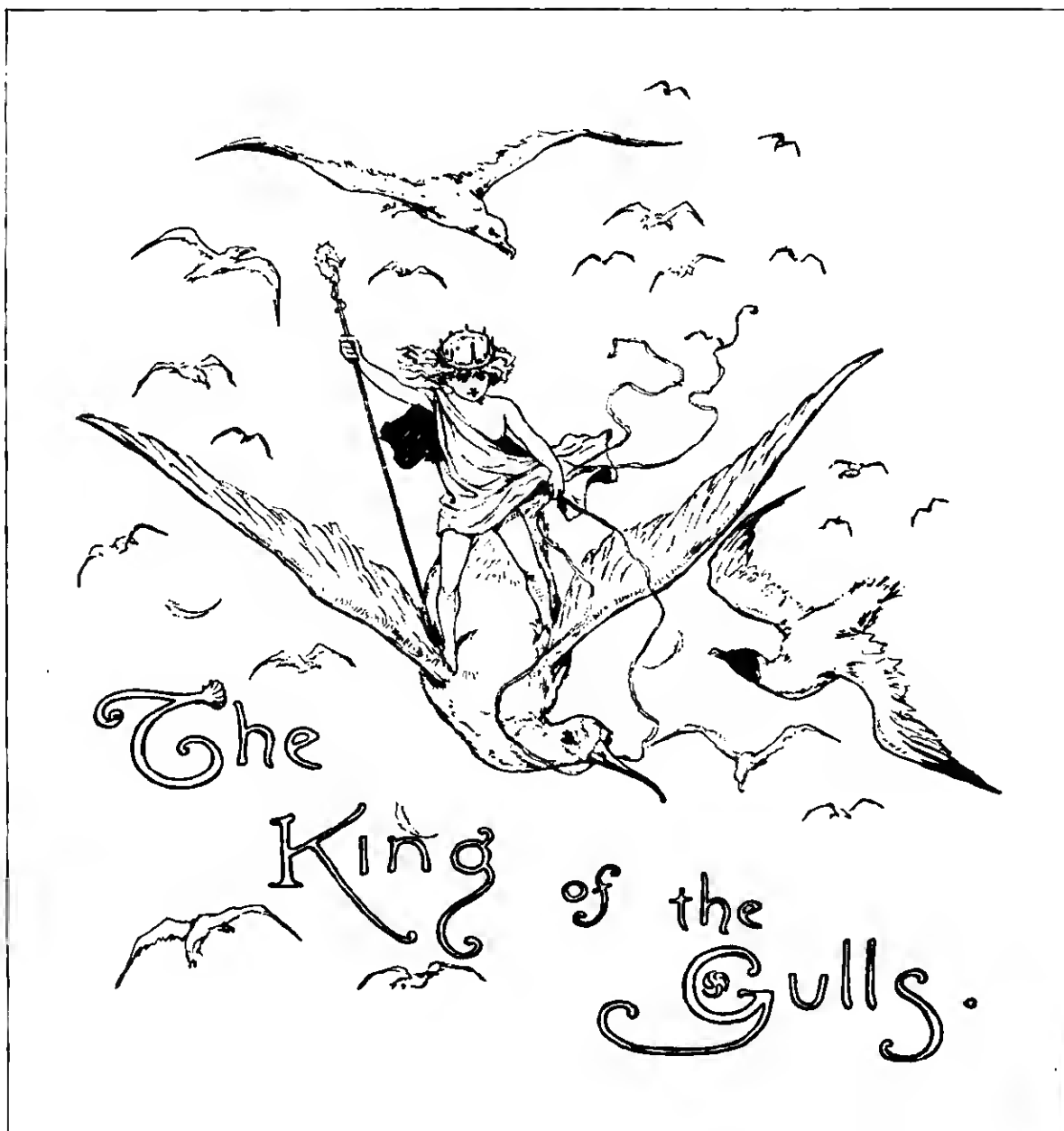


They scream their best when the winds blow high
And the sky grows dark and hazy;
But let that boy begin to cry
And he 'd drive the sea-gulls crazy.

Until, at last, they said, 'Oh, joy! —
We must be very dull —
This child 's no use at all as a boy,
But he 'd make a splendid gull!'

So off they flew and told the king:
They told him not to doubt it;
That this boy's scream beat everything!
That 's all there was about it.

The king he saddled his best curlew;
He flew down the wind like mad!
(I think 't was a funny horse, don't you?
'T was the only kind he had.)



And when he heard that little boy yell
He thought his ears would split,
And so he turned him into a gull,
And nobody cared a bit."

"Did she, Jack?" asked Marjorie.
"Well," I said, "come to think of it, I don't
know but she did."

"I think his mamma must have cared," said Marjorie's mamma.

"Yes, Jack," said Marjorie: "I guess his mamma cared."

"Well," I said, "perhaps his mamma cared."

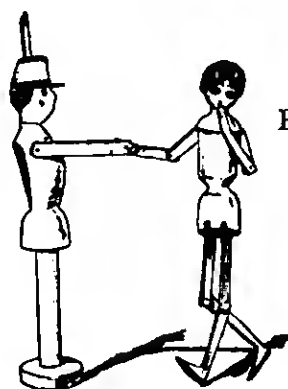
"And I think that after a while his mamma went and told the 'King of the Gulls' that her little boy would be good now and not cry any more, and that then she persuaded the king to change him back again into a little boy," said Marjorie's mamma.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RED DOLLY.

HERE is my red dolly, Jack," said Marjorie; "won't you put her in the book?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said I. "Although there is not much of her left to put in. She



looks like the little boy in your story, who fell from the house and broke both of his arms and legs, and as if the bear had almost eaten her up, but had not quite finished her."



"I don't care," said Marjorie, pouting, "she is very nice, and I love her, I do!"

"Well, I did not mean to say anything unkind about her, Sweetheart," I said. "I have no doubt she is very nice. So, if you will ask her to sit up in the chair there, and tell her not to move while she is having her picture taken, I will see what I can do."

"Oh, she won't move, Jack," said Marjorie, eagerly. "Jack, she is just the bestest dolly you ever saw!"

"There," I said, finishing the picture; "do you like that?"

"Yes," said Marjorie; "that is lovely. Now let me draw her. There! Is n't that lovely, too? Now, write some po'try about her, Jack, — won't you, please?"

"Well, let me see. I don't know anything that rhymes with dolly, except Polly. Her name is not Polly, is it?" said I.

"No," said Marjorie; "her name is not Polly; it is Red Dolly. 'Cause, don't you know, she had on a red dress when you bought her for me?"

"Oh, yes," I said; "of course, I ought to remember. Well, here is a ballad:



TO THE RED DOLLY.

Dolly dear, last year, when you were new,
You were quite pretty, that is true;
Though now you look so queerly.
Your cheeks were red, and your eyes were blue,
You 'd arms and legs, and feet you had, too.
There were few in the city so pretty as you,
Dolly dear, last year, when you were new;
And Marjorie loved you dearly.
But now your cheek 's no longer red;
Your arm is broken, so 's your head;
You 're blind, and bald, and deaf, and lame;
You 're——But Marjorie loves you just the same,
Dolly dear."

(To be continued.)

FANCY'S FERRY.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

You 've crossed his ferry many a time. Perhaps you did n't know it.	And yet it is n't difficult to rear them till they 're higher
He seats you in his ferry-boat and then begins to row it.	Than anything you ever saw in turret or in spire.
He dips his oars so softly that you can not even hear them,	And Fancy seems so wondrous kind, he gratifies each notion —
And lo! you land at Fancy's docks before you know you 're near them.	You 've not a whim but is indulged through his extreme devotion.
Oh! Fancy's land looks very grand with struc- tures high and airy,	Old Humdrum-town you left behind seems sadly uninviting,
And bright impossibilities to mislead the un- wary.	With school, and books, and lessons that you 're tired of reciting.
And presently you find yourself, no matter what your station,	But lo! what 's this? Your castle shakes! Its walls are all a-crumble!
A-building castles in the air, that have n't a foundation.	You stand amid a ruined mass, alive, but very humble.

Then Fancy rows you home again — it does n't take a minute;
You would n't know — his boat 's so swift — that you were really in it.
But — at a word — (with *such* a shock!) false Fancy lands his wherry.
What does he care for foolish folk who daily cross his ferry?

IN THE LUMBER WOODS.

BY F. F.

AN important industry of the northern portion of the southern peninsula of Michigan is the converting of its forests into lumber.

Many and varied are the processes employed from the day when the trees are felled in their native forest, to the day when the lumber, into which they are manufactured, is used as flooring or sheathing for a building in some distant city.

After the trees are sawn off, as near the roots as possible, the trunks are cut into logs of various lengths — the shortest being, as a rule, sixteen feet long. The men called "swampers" then clear away the underbrush; poles are cut and set in position; and the logs, being placed

upon the poles at right-angles to them, roll into a compact tier, whence they are easily loaded upon sleds and hauled to the "decking ground."

This is in a central part of the region where the trees are being cut, and through it extends the main road to the nearest place of shipment.

Usually the hauling of logs is done by means of sleds, which are about twice the width of the ordinary sleigh. The "bunks" or frames on which the load rests are from ten to twelve feet long. These bunks are two in number, one at each end of the sled, crossing it at right-angles to the runners. The logs comprising the load shown in the picture are sixteen feet